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A CHECKERED LIFE

—by—

REV. W. H. DAVIS, A. M.

—Author of—

“RELIGION, MORALS, AND BUSINESS,
IN STORY”

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By William Henry Davis

OREGON CITY, OREGON.



A CHECKERED LIFE

John Teal was born and reared in a very wicked city, his parents also having no thought of an honorable life, or of the future.

So he grew to youth and to manhood reckless, vulgar, dissolute, profane, lawless, plundering.

At school he failed, learning little but evil.

Added to all, he drank; and so with the devil inside, and all vile actions outside, he was truly a bad job.

With physical comforts he was supplied, home friends being sufficiently well-to-do. But apparently no inner conviction troubled him; no man cared for him, it seemed.

Poor John Teal lay on the surface of this world a thing helpless, drifting like an autumn leaf into this and that devilism, and brothelism, frightful for one so young.

It would be unjust, however, to say that he was purposely bad. Over a kindly heart evil flowed, unclogged by any effort to prevent it.

One hollow'en with two friends he set out on mischief.

Sundry wagons were piled across the street. Next morning Pat Flinsky found his well nearly full of wood, with his pig on top of it in a bed of straw; and so on a long list of happenings attributable to these boys, and like rabble companions.

Their glee was so great and beer so plentiful that they continued mischief until dawn.

When all had dispersed but the three and they on their way home; they passed Tim Larkins' hut, where his cow was feeding at tether; said Teal;

J. Teal—Now, boys, one more trick, a good one to quit on.

So Brindle was brought to, a milk-pail firmly tied to her tail, and she loosened.

At first slowly, then faster, and she was soon at full run, with dogs at her heels.

She dashed down Main Street.

Her race was short. Two men tried to turn her down an alley into a yard; but only changed her course; and with one plunge she went through Ames Bro's' glass front. With another bound the glass cases of watches and spectacles and like merchandise sharply rattled and crashed, and she landed in the main office, and was secured.

Tim Larkins came out just as the cow was disappearing and the boys were making escape.

Mr. Larkins appeared at the Ames Bro's'; and led away his cow excited but uninjured.

The boys were arrested; but on security of friends were released, agreeing to pay all damages, which amounted to \$350., with an additional \$27 to

Pat Flinsky, making a total of \$387, a lesser damage of \$3.75 not being included.

The next Monday the three boys began work in a factory; and with small wages, and expenses, about a year passed before the debt was canceled.

To the credit of the boys, not a day was squandered.

When all expenses had been met, John Teal said,

J. T.—What say you, chums? let us have some fun.

Aleck Clark—Enough for me. My hands are stiff and sore at this job. Let us have a rest.

Ernest Dayton—My back is broke, almost, with this heavy work. Its fun enough to be done with it.

J. T.—O boys, gumps, let's have some beer. They gave us the hardest work. A fellow daren't touch any thing. Once, you know. I took just a little beer. Some way, it went right to my head: and I came near getting killed' As I passed that big band, my coat caught and I thought I was gone sure; but my

coat tore, and I came down on my hands and knees. I tried to walk so no one would see my lameness. Since that I haven't dared to look toward Old Gusher's saloon. But now, boys, work's off; let's have one rolicking time.

A. C.—O say, boys, we've paid everything but \$3.75. How is this? swallow an ox, and choke on the tail? I move we ask the superintendent to let us work enough to pay Widow Ladd.

E. D.—I second the motion.

J. T.—Hurrah! here goes!

They were soon back in Superintendent's office.

J. T.—Superintendent, these boys want to work out \$3.75 more of our expenses.

Superintendent—Its all paid; isn't it?

E. D.—It cost Widow Ladd \$3.75 for buggy repair. She hasn't asked anything; but we want to pay it.

Supt.—As you say, boys.

A. C.—We'll do it, Superintendent; only give us a chance.

Supt.—Well, there's some plank, I wanted piled. They're pretty heavy; but there's three of you; I think you'll manage them. It'll take you about a day; and I'll pay you \$3.75.

J. T.—We'll go right at it while we are in the notion.

Supt.—Do you think you would get out of the notion?

J. T.—I might. These mates of mine seem to like work.

Supt.—Don't you like to work, John?

J. T.—I would like to do office work, Superintendent; but I can't say I like to pack plank.

Supt.—O John, a boy that can pack plank, can do other things, you know. You want the pie before you pick the berries.

J. T.—I suppose I'm good at pie; but we'll do this, Superintendent.

Since it was late, they arranged to begin in the morning.

At three-thirty the following day, the boys appeared at the office.

Supt.—Through so early?

C. - We began at six. All is piled.

Supt. - I did not think of your beginning so early. I will not go to see if it is well done. As you have done the past year, and this extra, you would not spoil a record at the last; here is your money. Accept thanks for faithfulness; and if you want work any time, let me know.

E. D. - We thank you, Superintendent: we don't yet know what we will do.

Supt. - Boys, let me advise you in the future to attend to your business. I would trust any of you for anything you would agree to do. I have learned that of you. The devil must have had you employed, and you proved very faithful. Break service with him. You see how he pays you. Good-bye. Come, and see me; and God bless you.

With subdued feelings the boys went out, and were soon at Widow Ladd's.

J. T. - Mrs. Ladd, here is \$3.75 for the repair of your buggy.

Mrs. Ladd - O boys, I never thought to charge for that. I'm sorry you had to work so long.

A. C.—We paid all but that; we want to pay it all.

Mrs. L.—O no! I have plenty. Buy something for yourselves.

E. D.—But we won't feel right. We want to pay all, and then begin for ourselves.

Mrs. L.—How is it, John, you have become so honest?

J. T.—It is Aleck and Ernest who are honest. I had to; and I thought, if we had paid \$387, we might afford to pay \$3.75.

Mrs. L.—Well, I'll take the money; and if you ever need it, come back, and I'll give it to you; and I trust you'll be led to a true life in Jesus Christ. My blessing on you, boys. You can be true and good, if you will; and it seems you are on the right road.

J. T.—Can Jesus help us?; who is the Christ?

Mrs. L.—My poor bairn, do you not know that Jesus is the Savior of the world?; what have your parents taught you?

J. T.—My parents drink and quarrel. They taught me to fight and look out for myself.

Mrs. L.—And, child, didn't you go to church and Sunday school, and hear about Jesus, the Savior?

J. T.—I went to church once to an oyster supper, and to a Sunday school Christmas-tree; but they just had oysters, and crackers, and lemonade, and Santa Claus, and presents, and some act'n up.

Mrs. L.—Child, I don't wonder you tied the pail to the cow's tail; I wonder more that you haven't tied one to the rector's coat-tail before this. Come to the Mission next Sunday; will you? We'll help you. And now, good bye, boys. I want to hear a good report. Indeed, I have heard good of you at the factory.

The boys withdrew with a deepened feeling that the world wasn't all they took it for.

J. T.—Say, fellows, I feel curious. What in the world do these people mean about a Savior?

A. C.—I was at the Mission once. They say we can be saved from bad ways and can lead good lives, if we will.

E. D.—I was in the country, and they had revival meeting, they called it.

J. T.—Well, chums, things are mixed ; but here, I'm home ; good-bye.

A. C.—Good-bye, pard.

E. D.—Good-bye, old duffer.

The following Sunday Aleck Clark and Ernest Dayton were at the revival meeting at the Mission. John Teal had promised, but did not come.

They listened, yielded, and were happily converted ; and were again employed under their former Superintendent.

As for John Teal, he did little but smoke and lounge after his former habits ; slightly reformed indeed, or sobered ; but he would still drink, and curse on occasion ; and in time was as bad, or worse than formerly.

In a new place a meeting was begun

by an Evangelist, a lady.

By accident, as it were, John Teal, now twenty-one, hale, hardened, lost, strayed into the meeting.

Against expectation, he was interested and held to attendance.

About the fifth evening, as a text, was announced, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!"

The discourse, aptly suitable to John Teal, in part, was,—

Mrs. Young—Young men, wild and out of the way, I come to you with a message. Mostly for a week, you have come and listened. Evidently you are interested.

Boys, what are you looking for? I passed Silas's Block yesterday, and saw a number of you in front of Dalzel saloon, lounging, smoking, chewing, and I suppose drinking.

Where is your pleasure?

Where is your hope?

What is your future?

We read of the "smoke of their tor-

ment ascending up for ever and ever."

I can see no object in hastening that time.

"There", it is written, "shall be weeping. and wailing. and gnashing of teeth.

Cursings and wailings literally come out of that saloon.

Yesterday I visited a lady, whose weepings were great, because her boy was in the debauchery of that saloon.

I visited a father last week raving, and gnashing his teeth, because his daughter had gone in there, and was staying, sunken to the lowest shame.

You boys, have seen her dance, and heard her sing, in a condition that needs not to be described.

Boys, isn't this very hell begun?

Are you in a hurry for it?

John Turner was shot there.

Were any of you there then?

Boys, how is this? If the devil would light a great bonfire in front of Dalzel Saloon; and now and then pitch in

a yellow dog, and then a drunken man, and a fallen girl; and as their screams arose, would you laugh?

You think, No, but you act, Yes.

Do you not feel this hell is consuming your life and hopes?

My text is infinitely different, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

It is the Gospel of taking away.

You all have sin indeed; and feel bad enough. Suppose all the world were like you, or Dalzel Saloon. The world wouldn't last, would it?

Listen to the message. "Behold—the Lamb of God—that taketh away—the sin of the world."

God can remove sin; and change your lives; and make them clean, and pure, and sweet, and good.

How many believe this?

A number raised their hands.

Mrs. Y.—Some of you say by silence, 'There is no remedy; and we must go on until the devil tumbles us all into his great fire-heap.'

John Teal—May I please ask a question?

Mrs. Y.—Ask on.

J. T.—What do you mean by taking away our sins?

Mrs. Y.—Can you think of a babe confiding in a mother, who looks after its every want?

J. T.—Yes.

Mrs. Y.—This beautiful Book, the Bible, says, “Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

The Lord will give us the innocence of a babe, the prattle of confidence and submission; will make us very happy again.

Is that desirable?

Yes; and if it were true for me, I would be glad indeed.

Mrs. Y.—Listen; “God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

You believe there is a God; do you?

All say, Yes, by upraised hands.

Mrs. Y.—I am glad you are not in total unbelief.

“Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

The God who has given these promises, who has spread out the Universe before us, who has fitted everything great and small, so that it deftly accomplishes its purpose, making a glowing harmony throughout, can control, and put under man's own control his spirit, soul, and body.

But this will require great change in us; will it not?

Again hands are raised.

Mrs. Y.—The Lamb of God, Jesus, will take away the sin of the world.

This is our plea and hope.

“Tho they (our sins) be red like crimson, or as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.”

Hanging on the cross, Jesus cried, “It is finished.”

What is finished?

Redemption, deliverance from sin, is accomplished by the sufferings of Christ.

Come without delay.

J. T.—So ignorant, I am puzzled.

Mrs. Y.—The Bible will show you. God's Spirit will lead you rightly.

Mrs. Y. (Closing) "Arise, Lord, thou and the ark of thy strength"; "O God, show thyself". Help the needy ones.

Some grope toward thee; others in total blindness seek not thee.

Speak out of thy Sinai. Thunder out of thy holy mountain. Still greater, speak to the inner heart with thy still small voice.

Enlighten those who are just beginning to know the darkness of their own minds, and a little of the glory that is all about them.

We may do what we will, we cannot show them nor teach them. If they behold once the shackles by

which Satan has bound them, and realize he is only biding his time, to drag them down to his place, they will come to thee.

All is with thee; thine the might, and honor, and glory, and salvation, forever.

John Teal went away thinking.

How many like John Teal are veritable drift-wood on the rolling river of passion and feeling, rushing on the sandbars of change and accident. Great crowds, thoughtless, indifferent, attend all jolly-makings.

The next evening John Teal came, and late a young man, Polo Tabor. He was chewing, chewing, as tho his jaws were for that especial purpose.

The room being crowded, he came close in front. A little elevated above the congregation, his features now working hysterically, now sober and sad, now thoughtful, then dazed and bewildered, yet chewing, he was decidedly more interesting than the preacher.

A glowing sermon, an eloquent, even fiery appeal made slight impres-

sion, owing to the grotesque figure, whom every one was intently watching.

None came for prayers.

The meeting closed.

Polo Tabor, however, had courage to say,

P. T.—I liked the sermon.

The quick eye of the evangelist noticed his deep interest, and the following colloquy began.

Mrs. Y.—My dear young friend, would you like to have this salvation?

P. T.—Yes; I dunno much 'bout it.

Mrs. Y.—Well, you may, if you will.

P. T.—I'm wicked; what shall I do?

Mrs. Y.—All are wicked. Christ died for sinners. Believe, and be saved.

P. T.—Saved! from what?

Mrs. Y.—From sin.

P. T.—Not my sins; the other things trouble me.

Mrs. Y.—What things?

P. T.—Your text; “After death the judgment.” What’ll that be?

Mrs. Y.—Your acts and thoughts will be brought before you; and reward or penalty will follow.

P. T.—What penalty?

Mrs. Y.—It will be, stroke for stroke. Where you have hurt a playmate, you will be hurt; if you have torn up your sister’s playthings, the things you love will be torn to pieces; if you have caused your mother tears, this sorrow will come to you, if you have abused yourself even, this will come back and heap more abuse on you: the anger, pride, hatefulness, bitterness, that have been in your heart, will return again on you. In fact, it will be justice; and all you have done and thought to do, will return on you: for God is Judge, and will meet out to you what you have earned.

P. T.—What is meant by fire, hell-fire?

Mrs. Y.—We’re too short-sighted to see, or understand it all. Heaping it to-

gether, God calls it a fire, burning even to the lowest hell. "The wicked cease from troubling." They have trouble of their own. Would you like to be saved from these?

P. T.—Who? how can I?

Mrs. Y.—Jesus bore our sins for us. That leaves us free; does it not?

P. T.—It would.

Mrs. Y.—But if we reject, our sins remain; do they not?

P. T.—It looks so; but what will keep me from bad places?

Mrs. Y.—Wicked places won't want you, and you won't want them. You wouldn't want me to come to your dances; would you?

They won't want you at the saloon, nor at any bad places. At least, I've never been troubled that way. Some have, they say; but I think it was because they didn't have religion, and not because they did.

Have you read the Bible?

P. T.—No. I read one chapter once.

Mrs. Y.--What was it?

P. T.--The fifth chapter.

Mrs. Y.--Do you remember any of it?

P. T.--"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Mrs. Y.--Here is the place. Read the last of that verse.

P. T.--"For they shall be filled."

Mrs. Y.--"Shall be filled" What does that mean?

P. T.---Have plenty of it.

Mrs. Y.---Plenty of what?

P. T.---What they seek for.

Mrs. Y.---What is that?

P. T.---"Righteousness."

Mrs. Y.---Not a little, just enough to keep them from starving?

P. T.---No; a plenty.

Mrs. Y.---Then you won't have wickedness, will you?

P. T.---Surely not.

Mrs. Y.--Then this passage, "The wicked shall be cast into hell, and all

the nations that forget God.", wouldn't apply to you, would it?

P. T.—No.

Now, would you not like to have such salvation?

P. T.—Yes, indeed.

Mrs. Y.—Ask for it; will you?

P. T.—Lord, help me, save me; devil help; Peter help me.

Mrs. Y.—The devil might help you, by leaving you; but he won't; Peter can't help you. Ask the Lord.

P. T.—I don't know; what shall I ask for?

Mrs. Y.—Do you believe the Bible?

P. T.—I think so.

Mrs. Y.—Do you believe what I tell you?

P. T.—Yes; I believe you.

Mrs. Y.—Then are you willing to do what the Bible asks of you?

P. T.—Yes.

Mrs. Y.—Then ask pardon, and to be made different altogether.

P. T.—O Lord, pardon; make me

different, innocent, like a child, because Jesus died for me.

The audience had remained standing, silent, to see how this battle between light and darkness would end.

But their feelings now broke forth in sobbings that lasted some minutes.

All this time Polo Tabor stood resolute and fixed, yet humble and pleading in an audible, tho sometimes incoherent way.

Mrs. Young's feelings also gave way in profuse weepings.

We remember that "Jesus wept" with the weeping.

John Teal came out, and stood beside Polo Tabor.

J. T.—Polo, we have been friends in wickedness, we will be for Christ.

A smile came on their faces, which plainly told they were changed, new, better boys.

With greetings, the congregation dispersed.

The striking thing was their conversion with so little light and teaching.

20
What a need that the young be taught, that they may know how to become good Christian soldiers!

We would look now for a great revival. It came partly, and partly not.

Men want religion without self-denial. "If any man will come after me; let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

However, a goodly number entered this deep, if not wide, revival current.

At the closing meeting, the text was, "Give heed, lest we slip."

Mrs. Young dwelt on the ability of Christ to keep his disciples. But,

Mrs. Y.—All this keeping power depends on our heed. God will not do this against our wish. David never lost battles, when obedient. Gideon did not fail with 300 against a host. Israel was not drowned in the Red Sea, nor the Jordan. They took heed.

I admonish, and entreat you. Heedless you'll slip and fall. Our text says it. All past experience declares it. But with good heed you will hold fast.

At close of sermon a man spoke as follows;—

Adam Cower—Friends, all know me. I was converted when I was twenty-one. I have been a church-member forty-one years; not a good one, I confess. The boys often say, “Well, if Adam Cower gets there, there’ll be a chance for us all.” They are about right.

But by Divine help, I will do better.

How did I reach my careless, semi-Christian state? where the Lord can’t use me, and the devil scarcely cares to?

I didn’t take heed. I could get along without being so particular, or saying a word about religion. I could witness games on Sunday. Then I could fish, and pitch horse-shoes; until Sunday became a day of recreation.

That’s the way I became a lifeless worthless Christian, if such can be.

Now young men, if you want the life I have lived, you can have it in my way.

If you want it different, you will

find it in a better way.

Headless actions will go thru your religion like a saw, and hammer, and file; and there'll be nothing left, worth speaking of.

Heed every little right way.

Wait for the great occasions, and they'll not come.

It's deadening, in a membership of 100 to find but six at prayermeeting, four besides the pastor and his wife. Times without number that has been the case; and I, dead stick, one of the six.

What of the rest? Some may have reasons; but most are without excuse.

Friends, you may call me a fool, and I have been; but I'm done with this washy, hashy religion.

Pastor, count me in; I'll go to the poor, I'll help you.

Friends, I feel better. We've had many a revival, but I've been soon back to my old sitting place.

Friends, take me by the hand, help me. Remember in Adam all die. Get

away from the old Adam, into the new Adam. Christ

Halleluiah!

Its the first in twenty years. I'm glad I have a newer, happier religion.

Thus closed the revival.

Influences started, went forward.

Some who showed little promise, grew into influence and usefulness; especially a young lady, Trello Ackerman.

Of moderate ability, she strove industriously for education and fitness; and in a few years, was selected to open a mission in a part of her own city.

Expressive of her character and spirit, we select a scene from her new field.

James Pittenger had been in the Mission Sunday school two years. He was upright, good, true, devoted as a teacher.

He noticed, however, in Miss Ackerman a humbler, deeper spirit. There was an abiding trust, a steady pressing forward, that was inspiring.

James Pittenger (at teacher's meeting)—Miss Ackerman, how can you work on with such confidence and cheerfulness, under such discouragements?

Miss Ackerman—What discouragements?

J. P.—A few weeks ago we held an entertainment; not a usual one, but Scriptural, instructive.

We worked upon it a month.

We advertized greatly; and it seemed to me it was the most helpful meeting I ever attended. You conducted it as tho thousands were present.

I would have been utterly discouraged, and could hardly have moped across the floor; for there were only twenty persons present, counting small children.

Miss A.—Do you remember Gideon?

J. P.—Yes.

Miss A.—Did he mope along?

What would you have thought, to hear the cry "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon"?

How do you imagine David felt go-

ing to meet Goliath, with a sling and five smoothe stones from the brook?

And how would you have got along with Paul and Silas, when they sang and prayed in the prison? They were fast in the stocks, guards at the door, the prison barred.

What do you think James and John would have done, if they had been in our meeting?

J. P.—O Miss Ackerman, you annihilate me. If I'd been David, or Sampson with that jaw-bone, I'd have run for life.

But do you claim to have the courage of John or Mark?

Miss A.—No indeed; I claim only the courage of Trello Ackerman; but Christ is our strength; and if so, should we be weak "as other men"?

J. P.—I must have only the courage of James Pittenger; and I feel I need converting over.

Miss A.—That had almost run thru my mind; but I remember you are a successful, useful teacher.

J. P.—Now, since we have re-

ferred to this, what is the use of working a month, four of us, with these results? David did kill Goliath.

Miss A.—I suppose, if we'd had our 500 seatings occupied, if nobody'd been benefited, you'd 'a' been better satesfied.

J. P.—I suppose; but I wanted to do good too.

Miss A.—Didn't you say a moment ago that it was the most helpful meeting you ever attended? Where could your faith have been before?

I would gladly have labored all this time, to have my fellow workers helped and built up.

Do we remember that Jesus spent the most of his time instructing and strengthening his twelve disciples?

I heard others say they were helped, as well. A young girl said she was greatly encouraged, and believed she was a better Christian, on account of it.

Where's the discouragement?

All hanging our heads that evening? A sorry plight!

I am glad for you and the work that you were not in charge that night. Courage, Christian patience we need.

Minutes of silence followed.

All were thinking, and deeply.

Minerva Watson spoke the sentiment of all.

M. W.—There must indeed be a completer Christian life, a greater power.

Evidently the saints of old were bolder and stronger. Else, "How should one chase a 1000, and two put 10,000 to flight."

Peter preached a five or ten minutes sermon; and 3000 were converted.

Jonah's message, not half so long, brought a whole city to repentance.

Discouragement? Let us go forward.

The signs are good, the field large; we have a leader, who can fight with fortitude.

If we are not exactly right, let us get so. Is not "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever?"

All knelt. expecting new strength.

Miss A.—God will help us, if we but trust and obey him.

Let us go forward.

Returning to the story of John Teal and Polo Tabor, their lives are hard to follow.

But three months, from the close of Mrs. Young's meeting, both are in a saloon, intoxicated.

John Teal struggled to be true; but evil associates bore him down, until he was backsliden, fallen.

The lesson is, Choose good company.

A little way with wild companions, means all the way, back to the world.

Polo Tabor's trouble is illustrated by a conversation with a friend.

P. T.—I say, Jake, where'll you be to-morrow?

Jake Arthur—A great game we have on the ball-ground. Sunday excursions will bring crowds.

P. T.—I'm dying for some fun.

J. A.—Come, then.

P. T.—I'll see.

Polo knew he ought not; to-morrow was sunday school, and preaching morning and evening; above all, the Lord's day.

After a struggle he decided to go to church in the morning.

He was interested, went in the evening, and so was delivered for the time, tho weakened and harmed by considering evil.

But on the whole, young Tabor was regarded as making commendable Christian progress.

Jake Arthur (the following week)—Say, Polo, why weren't you at the ball-game?

P. T.—O, I went to church.

J. A.—To church! You must be a Christian! The Bible says, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth."

P. T.—O well, may be I'll go to ball-game some time.

Polo had been in employ; but from carelessness was idle.

He and Jake met again.

J. A.—I say, Polo, what you doing now, so dressed up?

O, I'm not working.

J. A.—How so?; how long without work?

P. T.—I've been off a month.

J. A.—Going to work soon?

P. T.—O, may be; I'm tired.

J. A.—You're a Christian! The Bible says, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work."

You wouldn't go to the ball-game; now you won't work on week days; eh?

The devil has his way of getting everybody, as near as he can work it.

For "Whosoever shall keep the whole law; and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

P. T.—I can have a good time; can't I?

J. A.—Yes; but why make pretension? I supposed the Bible was to be followed.

You'll see; old Patty Peterson will bounce you.

P. T.—Patty Peterson; nothing! He visited all last Sunday.

J. A.—More and worse. I always thought the devil run things; but now I think this Crabville is unning the devil mighty hard.

O, "Work for idle hands." And wherein rage, and fear, and temptation had failed, idleness soon completed, and Polo was back among skums, worst of the worst.

Six years passed, eight years of un-mittigated darkness and blindness to Polo Tabor and John Teal.

Nothing deterred them, and they plunged greedily into all vice.

For an offence they fled into another part of the City; and the officers, glad of the riddance, did not follow, only hoping they would remain away.

Separated from friends, they must make their own living, and a sorry time indeed!

They lived cheaply, and sweeping streets was about all they could find to do.

It was rarely they could have a good drunk, as they called it; and at each successive debauch they looked the worse.

Strolling the streets, they met a lady that seemed as one they knew.

Noticing their looks and interest, the lady turned toward them.

Trello Ackerman—You seem looking for some one. Can I help you? Will you not come to meeting at our mission, just across the street?

Two questions artfully put, to gain time.

They looked at the lady, and at each other in confusion.

At length Polo ventured,

P. T.—We seemed to know you, and yet we do not. We lived at Highlo, on the other side of the City.

Miss A.—I cannot recall you. I was in a meeting there, of Mrs. Young's

eight years ago.

Worse confused.

John Teal wanted to go on.

But Polo said,

P. T.—Yes; we were there.

Miss A.—Your names, please?

P. T.—My name is Polo Tabor.

Miss A.—Why, boys, I know you now.

What in the world has happened to you?

Where have you been, indeed?

I am glad to see you, a thousand times to find you.

I was converted there; you remember Trello Ackerman?

P. T.—Yes.

John Teal—Madam, we're down, as you see; but we'll come to meeting, and in spite of ourselves, we're glad to see you.

Miss A.—Well, good-bye, young men, and we'll look for you, sure, to-night.

They walked rapidly away.

J. T.—Thunder and stars, Polo, what'll happen next?

P. T.—“Be sure your sin will find you out.” What next? I can't tell.

Let's go and have supper.

It was all Polo knew to quiet his feelings. Excitement had driven desire for drink away from them.

Diligently brushing their clothes, desiring to appear as well as possible, Teal said,

J. T.—I declare, Polo, let us run away. I'm the meanest, biggest coward in the world.

I know that all right; and I'm the worst bum and slum in America.

J. T.—You are, you bet.

P. T.—Any way, I'm going to the Mission, if I'm caught, or killed, or what not.

J. T.—Polo, what's the matter with you? you don't want religion, do you?

P. T.—It seems useless to want; but.

if it could be, I wouldn't be such a blasted fool again.

J. T.—Well, you were one, sure.

Wouldn't work; eh?

"If any will not work, neither shall he eat."

We can hardly eat, working.

Our looks are ag'in' us.

P. T.—Better say, Our drink is ag'in' us.

J. T.—Polo, you're get'n smart.

P. T.—Shouldn't I? Any body'd smart in my fix.

Both laughed, and were in better humor, chatting about old times.

Trello Ackerman related the incident to her friend, Minerva Watson; and they prayed for strength for the meeting.

Meeting quarter to eight.

Miss Watson excelled at the organ.

About 350 people present.

The young men entered in time, and sat about the middle of the room.

Prayer by James Pittenger.

Song again, and prayer by Miss Ackerman.

And was announced this text,—

“The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion.”

Miss Ackerman showed how strong and courageous the true Christian is; and how fleeing and cowardly the wicked are, in words concise, graphic, with examples from experience thru her life; and that of others.

Each listened. There was no waste of time.

Miss A. (concluding)—Friends, a burden is on my heart. It is the burden of humanity

I pass along the streets; and every day some new misery I see.

Yesterday I saw a child bruised and bleeding. I expostulated with the mother; but she has sinned so long all feelings are stupefied; and she treats her child as some men treat their dogs.

I said what I could, and did what I could to help and relieve; but I came away sad of heart.

I took a beautiful motto into a saloon, and asked to put it up, hoping to attract some wayward one.

My request was readily granted; but what did I see? A beautiful girl of seventeen, and a young man of about twenty were entertaining a croud of half-drunk men and boys, by a platform dance.

Another young woman had danced and drunk, as it appeared, until she had sat down in a stupor in a disheveled condition.

She tried to escape me; but I was able to speak with her.

A year ago she had come to our mission, was aroused to her need, but would not yield.

It is dangerous to resist the Spirit.

A man rose for prayers here last week. I was about to meet him this evening, and he fled down an alley.

A young boy was converted here a month ago. I met him this evening,

and with a smile and tip of his hat
passed on his errand

I visited the Salvation Army recently.

A little girl spoke beautifully from
the platform, and sang,—

Jesus, lover of my soul,

Let me to thy bosom fly;

in such strains that the audience was
much moved.

“Bold as a lion.”

“Fleeing without a pursuer.”

What a contrast!

Extremes meet.

Happiness and misery jostle each
other.

And thus it seems to continue, until
it will be Hell and Heaven, eternal burn-
ing and everlasting rejoicing.

None would say, I have no love for
my suffering fellow men.

None would say, I would not help
you.

But my love and efforts are feeble
and powerless.

I present One of immaculate purity;
of resplendent radiance, and beauty of

character; of omnipresent wisdom; of all-sufficient power, as your Savior and mine.

Will you have this man, Christ Jesus, to rule over you?

What love to die for wretch like me!

Will any kneel? or stand, to show which side you choose?

"Who is on the Lord's side?"

Silence.

None arose.

Miss A.—"Be sure your sin will find you out."

You'll run when no one pursues you.

Only when the devil gets fast clamp on you, you won't run.

Be brave, as a small lion.

Silence, and a smile on the face of some.

Miss A.—Is there none to say, "I'll be brave?"

Another painful waiting, and Polo Tabor arose.

Miss A.—Glad that one has shown

some courage; and you may kneel, or wishing it, speak.

P. T.—I am a stranger, and have not much courage.

I've sinned away my hope.

I wouldn't rise, only I don't want to be more cowardly than I can help.

At least, I own I'm a coward.

Giving thanks for privilege, I'd like to know how many more small lions here are bold enough to own they are wretched, miserable cowards.

Four boys rose.

P. T.—I'm glad for four, five of us ready to say, we are mean, blind, cowardly.

I was convertd some years ago.

You can tell by my looks what has become of me.

Aimless, a rolling stone, I've gone down, not up hill, down, down, down, with no stopping place, but rags, and sorrow, and hell.

How far off the lashings of fire-tongues, I cannot tell.

But I protest this is all wrong.

You four are mere boys. For you there is hope, and life.

I was always rough and wild, and now reap what?

"To the wind"; then "the whirlwind."

I wouldn't attend school, nor learn, unless compelled.

So I am as I am, because no one could make me different.

If it were of use, I'd do anything, to get back that joy I had.

I once knew your speaker, minister.

"Bold as a lion."

The Spirit upon her even, has made her so.

If one had said eight years ago, "Beautiful star, Venus, be a crown of glory on the head of Trello Ackerman", I should have as soon looked for its coming as to have believed she would become the eloquent preacher she is.

We had like privilege:

Behold in me what sin has done.

What cannot sin do?

Witness blasting, and scorn, and derision, and drunkenness.

Do not accept this in me as reform.

'm heated with rage at myself, at sin, and the evil one standing at the head of all.

I'd be avenged, if it could be; but whatever I do, you boys get the devil's hands off you quick.

Miss Ackerman was completely overcome by this outburst of feeling, and sat weeping.

Miss Watson, self-possessed, played and sang the beautiful hymn,—

Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me;

As she reached the last stanza,

Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

the whole audience melted to submission and confiding trust.

Miss Ackerman (rallying)—All that will accept Jesus as your Savior, rise

The sick, all would have shelter
and food, and care.

Now, the devil has overrun and im-
poverished our world.

Some have fared worse than others.

Our Lord has sent Satan on the run.

Do you think our hump-backed
friend, our red-nosed brother, the girl
of lowest infamy, who have been more
fiercely set upon by Satan, will be left
for the devil to work his will upon?

I like to see sweet boys and girls,
true young men and women; but if I
find one especially cast down, and left
torn and bleeding, I wouldn't want a
committee to say, "O, he's too far gone."

That's like the Pharisees.

But our Savior replied, "The publi-
cans and harlots go into the kingdom
of God before you."

This angelic shout, "Peace on
earth," rings down nineteen centuries.

If a failure, some one would have
found it out.

Miss Watson, sing,

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in thee.

The verses,

Let the water and the blood;
 From thy wounded side which flowed;
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure;
 were most touching.

Miss A.—Opportunity now for testimony.

Many spoke.

P. T.—It wouldn't do for me not to speak, since it is said "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

All I have is destroyed long ago; and if anybody is destitute, I am.

Do you think there is a chance for me?

Miss A.—Yes; Jesus said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

P. T.—That's me; but too far gone, I thought.

A minister said, some had sinned against the Spirit, until they were lost, lost.

It must be that crook-backed German, with all gone.

But I'm troubled that I have a lit-

tle, and so little hope.

James Pittenger—I've been strengthened. Some time ago I would have run if a cricket had chirped; yet I was trying to be a Christian.

I suppose these two men are timid, fearful.

If that German, instead of receiving help, had hobbled to the sea, and struck out in a skiff, he'd soon gone under the waves.

I think some ministers talk about sinning away all grace without knowing the evil they do. The devil swings that club with force.

But the Lord says, "Come, come."

But our friends have been running, running, running.

The Lord can't stop one when he will run; for they "flee when no man pursueth."

Miss A.—As many as are, or will be saved, rise.

Nearly all rose, among the number Polo Tabor and John Teal.

Then closing prayer by Miss Watson.

Miss W.—Lord, thou seest these two men, who once knew thee, and all these standing.

Is there hope for a sinner? Thy word declares it.

Is there hope for a vile sinner? Paul says, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

Paul was mean enough to hold the clothes of wicked fellows while they stoned to death good St. Stephen.

Lord, I hope none of us are low and contemptible enough for that.

But if we are, we need a wonderful Savior.

St. Stephen "cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

On the cross, Jesus said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Speak to these two men. Instruct them.

It is said "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

But too, Zacheus said, "Lord, if I have taken anything by false accusation, I restore fourfold."

Give us the Zacheus spirit.

If we have cheated or robbed, let us at least pay it back.

If we have harmed any, let us ask pardon.

If we have a stolen golden wedge, we can't take the city Ai.

We promise, so far as we can, to make all wrongs right, and serve thee forever.

It is urgent; take us.

In Thy name.

John Teal and Polo Tabor were deeply thinking.

The following evening, with every seat filled, the meeting bore heavy on the slight form of Trello Ackerman.

She took as her text, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Miss A.—It would be as well, perhaps, if I did not preach.

This text is enough food for all our thought.

Mr. Pittenger, will you, please put the text on the board?

In large, round letters the text

seemed to glitter, as the audience looked and read.

Miss A.—“God be merciful.”

Who needs mercy? or rather, who not?

To the best, or the worst of us, mercy is our hope; it is the hope of all.

That we see.

“Be merciful to me.”

This isn't to the one next you.

Some spoil a sermon by giving it away.

Just as the publican uttered these words, a Pharisee stood and prayed, “God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess.”

But the publican stood downcast; he didn't dare look up; “But smote upon his breast, saying “God be merciful to me a sinner.”

“This man went down to his house justified rather than the other.”

“To me, a sinner.”

Who is a sinner? This word is to

'you.

If you are proud like the Pharisee, and so thankful you are so good, you will get nothing.

"He came not to call the righteous, but sinners."

Only put away your sin, and say, as the Prodigal, "I will arise."

You have been too long sitting.

The business man can't make money sitting.

Paul was no sitter.

That's the trouble, so many sitters.

I can't tell what your duty will be; I have enough to find out and do my own.

But you won't need beds of ease to rest upon.

Israel moved, as moved the cloudy pillar or pillar of fire.

The Lord's people are a moving people.

Mike Hushan would say, "Get a move on you now."

I say so too.

We will now have altar service.

For want of room, every one bow down where he can find a place.

Many knelt, and Katrina Hushan prayed.

K. H.—Lord help us, pore sinners.

If any are too bad, help them.

If any think 'em very good, O Lord, shake 'em terrible.

Shake Katrina Hushan for once.

If the devil can't make us feel we are bad, awful bad, he'll come with smiles, to make us feel we're awful good.

Savior, use the cord, with which you drove out the money changers, and teach us beat'n sinners some sense.

Get a hold of them two young men that think they're too bad. Shake 'em over the real brimstone pot; and they'll be glad to jump at jnst a little chance, and get away from the devil, who's follow'n' 'em day and night, and putt'n' all this nonsense into the heads of 'em.

Give us a revival here, so as the dry bones'll come together an' flesh'll come onto 'em, and breath'll come into 'em, and they'll live.

Help us take up the publican's cry, and make it our own, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

And there'll be no stand'n' on ceremony, but he that seeks will find, whether he be sinner, great or little; only the man, rich in himself or proud, he'll be shut out forever.

John Teal's sins were gone; and speaking, he said,

"Tho your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; tho they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

I couldn't believe this meant me.

Now I see no reason for men staying, halting, Christ so merciful, forgiving.

If the devil would want religion, I don't quite mean that, but the worst man in the world, I'd say, "Get on your prayer-bones quick, and the Lord'll have mercy."

The meeting was dismissed late, and all retired quickly.

Polo Tabor (on way home)—John, how could you, without paying back that money? We came a flying, you know, officers after us.

J. T.—I never thought of it.

When first converted, we had nothing like this; the law made us ante up in that factory.

P. T.—Well, I can't say I'm not glad; but you're in for it, John, true as true.

J. T.—I'll see what Miss Ackerman says. I'll pay my half anyway.

P. T.—I don't know about mine; that old fellow can stand it.

J. T.—Yes; but what is right?

P. T.—Why be so partic'lar? Can't we serve the Lord in a hump, and not be bothered so in little things?

There's Abe Bilter, our grocer. He won't sell a cigar, and he loses lots of trade. There wouldn't be any more smoked for him sell'n' 'em.

J. T.—Yes; but we made a bad hit before, and we'd better start sure.

P. T.—You're mighty right, John.

A'n't Katrina Hushan a one?

I b'lieve, after all, I'd like to have Katrina's kind o'religion.

They knelt, and John Teal prayed.

The next evening Trello Ackerman preached; Minerva Watson sang, and James Pittenger gave an exhortation.

Feeling ran high.

Invitation was made, but not a soul moved.

P. T. (on the way home)—I declare, that was a dead meet'n'. I felt like a last year's bird's nest, dry, oh!

J. T.—The preach'n' was good, wasn't it?

P. T.—Good enough, I s'pose; but I couldn't get any good.

J. T.—O Polo, you want to get into a pretty boat, and float on a shining stream with flowers on the bank; and without turning a hand, sail into Heaven.

Anybody could wear that kind of religion.

P. T.—Well, p'r'aps that's it.

J. T.—You'll have to go to repent'n' in strong earnest; there'll never

be any peace to the wicked, sure of that.

P. T.—Do you think, John, I'll have to ante up that \$25?

J. T.—I can't see how else; the Bible says, "Let him that stole, steal no more."

To keep that, looks like a continual steal.

If I stole your coat; I wouldn't seem sorry, would I, if I wore it right along?

P. T.—That's easy, John; but this is more different.

I need my coat bad; Benton Everet don't need that money.

He's a skin-flint, to start with, and has piles of money.

If I'd pay it back, he wouldn't know he had any more.

J. T.—That's nothing 'bout being honest, Polo.

May be, if you'd ponied up that cash, or promised to as soon as you could, you wouldn't had such a dead meet'n'.

Delightful sing'n'; and Pittenger meant every word.

P. T.—May be; but it seemed as dead as that old picture of Pilate hang'n' on our wall.

But Polo was willing, after all, to join with John at prayer,

P. T.—(Next evening on way to meeting)—John, I'm gett'n' weary. This is drag'n' me to death.

I'll help pay that \$50, if it'll help make the meet'n' any more live.

J. T.—It might not, if you're just trying to buy a little religion.

I'm afraid it'd be like that fellow Peter said wanted to buy religion. Peter said, "You haven't no part or lot in it. Repent, you rascal."

P. T.—John, you're worse'n Mike Hushan. A fellow can have no stand'n' place.

I'm half vexed at all these cranks.

J. T.—Polo, may be you could find some easier church; I heard a minister say once, all you had to do was to believe.

P. T.—I don't want no shoddy thing.

Polo Tabor was having a hard time; and thus matters went, from day to day, from week to week.

One day John came home to find Polo drunk, dead drunk.

Sad indeed to John.

A reformed life, almost; then back again to the very gates of destruction, by the demon that had pursued them all these years.

Nothing could be done, but watch and wait.

After a while Polo roused, and looked around in a dazed way.

J. T.—Do you want anything, Polo?

P. T.—A drink, please.

He drank copiously.

P. T.—John,—hic—you're good—hic—feller, John.

J. T.—Why, Polo?

P. T.—'Cause, John, you've got 'lig-ion, John;—hic—you can look out for me; and, John, I can have—hic—spree any time.

Polo was sobered next day.

He was at the Mission.

A sermon on repentance by James Pittenger.

Invitation by Trello Ackerman.

Miss A.—We bring you good news, glad tidings.

Repentance is necessary.

You can have no faith, none of the Lord's better gifts without it.

Christ our risen Savior, to whom all may come.

However dishonest, however drinking and wasteful, repentance and right-doing will open the gateway to Heaven.

There is a secret in salvation, which never has been, nor can be explained.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

No person in his wickedness can become acquainted with God.

When you go into your voting-booth, there is a secret between you and this great Republic.

On repenting, the Holy Spirit becomes your teacher, helping, revealing.

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"When he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth."

We may preach, making some effort to show you; but we cannot make up for, or take the place of, this great Teacher.

In fact, we merely introduce you, since we are acquainted with the Father, with Jesus, our Savior, and with the Holy Spirit, our Comforter.

The "mystery of godliness", unexplained, and unexplainable secret of the Lord, is thus brought to you, and revealed to your inner spirit.

Some say, "I can't, I'm gone."

I am glad you cannot.

It is much easier that you cannot, much better, more glorious.

If you could accomplish it, it would be a human religion; and indeed we have too much of that.

That is why the world stumbles and falls. It was "unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness."

We present the remedy.

Give your case over out of your own

hands; and you wouldn't like to say the Lord that made you, couldn't or wouldn't do any thing for you that his wisdom saw was necessary.

There is a spirit fellowship, a communion with the Divine; and without it, our religion would be as lifeless as Buddhism or Shintoism; as colorless as Lodgeism or Churchanity; and the "everlasting joy on their heads", and the new Jerusalem with golden streets, would mean no more than the Indian's "happy hunting ground", if indeed as much.

But we present something worth your while; religion, Spirit revealed in your joyful inner heart.

Come, if you will; and you'll see for yourself that it's the Lord's, and not man's work.

But keep your own miserable hands off; say, "Not my will, but thine be done."

Look at that big church some distance away, on Grand street.

Its masonry is massive.

Its architecture and finish superb.

Its spire reaches high up toward heaven.

The strains from its great organ float far out over that park filled with pleasure seekers.

A most learned and eloquent divine ministers there.

And yet they say (I hope it isn't so), there has been only one conversion in ten years.

That was the case of a little girl.

She had lost her father and mother, pious parents.

She knew not where to go, except to the church.

They were having a series of meetings; and the little thing went up in front, crying as if her heart would break.

The preacher and congregation were paralyzed.

But a colored lady who happened there, knelt with the child.

The comforting Spirit came; and soon both were clapping their hands for joy.

It is,

“Not by might (brick walls and glo-

rious furnishings);

Nor by power (great eloquence and song);

"But by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

On way home from that meeting, a highly flounced lady said, "I do wish they would keep infants and niggers from disturbing our meeting."

I've said enough; I'm powerless.

If your stubborn will is broken, the secret of the Lord" will be revealed; and you will say, as the queen of Sheba, "The half was not told me."

Miss Watson, please sing,

The half has never yet been told;

As she sang,

And sweeter is the tho't of Thee,

Than any lovely song.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart;

Then well may I be glad!

Without the SECRET of Thy love,

I could not but be sad;

truth went a little deeper; and Polo Tabor cried out, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Spontaneous the people fell on

their faces, Polo Tabor crying aloud.

He didn't say, "I am too far gone.", or "What's the use of being so particular."

But,

P. T.—Lord, I've sinned with a high hand.

I seem standing over the very brink of hades.

Save, Lord, or I perish

An hour's consternation was followed by a calm.

Song filled the house; and many spoke of blessings received.

Meeting closed, Polo Tabor simply shaking hands, a smile testifying to a change.

The following evening he said,

P. T.—I see I was wrong. This and that claim were but a blind to my eyes, a hardness to my heart, deceiving somebody, and that somebody myself.

Now I hate this deception; and what before I loved I hate, and hate what I loved of evil.

Salvation is a happy reality.

Miss A.—“Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart.”

“When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.”

When man even forsakes and abuses himself, still the Lord is merciful.

Bidding you all good-speed and blessing, we are dismissed.

In John Teal and Polo Tabor faithfulness and usefulness took the place of their old lives.

John Teal (the week following)—Polo, I feel inclined, or urged to preach.

P. T.—Good, John; go forward: I'll earn, and pay the whole \$50.

J. T.—I've a mind to accept your offer.

Friends at the Mission were consulted.

James Pittenger (reply after consideration)—We are glad for the good life you are leading

We need workers here and else-

where.

Yet we are more concerned that you take the right step.

It is our view therefore that you had best both earn the required money, and take time for preparation; and if you still feel in a degree sure of your call, we will do all in our power to open the way.

They accepted this advice; and in two and a half months the full \$50 was in bank.

To Mrs. Young, who was still in work near the old home, Trello Ackerman wrote the condition of affairs, closing thus,

Miss A.—Will you kindly see Mr. Everett and the officers of the law, and find out if an amicable settlement can be made by paying the \$50.

Mrs. Young fulfilled the request; and in a week there came this letter,

“Sheriff’s Office,

“Miss Trello Ackerman,

“We are glad to hear from

those two desperadoes.

"I am inclined to favor them, as you request, allowing them to make all right; but Mr. Everett is not to be pacified.

"My predecessors got it off their hands by not knowing where they were; but now that Mr. Everett knows their whereabouts, I can promise no peacable settlement.

"They are evidently honest in their purpose; and if you think they can be depended on, I will venture this much. Tell them their case will be greatly helped, I think, if they will at once report and surrender themselves to the proper officers.

"Thanking you for your kindness in the matter, I express myself as really gratified that the young men have reformed, as their position seems to indicate."

Miss Ackerman promptly informed the young men, expressing her regret and deep sympathy.

J. T.—I think it best to go at once, and give ourselves up, and see the worst

or best of this.

T.—No; we have offered them fair. Let Mr. Everet send for us, if he wishes.

James Pittenger—If right has been met, why may they not quietly move on?

The \$50 can be left for settlement; or with full interest; and Mr. Everett may have to take what is right, if he cannot do worse.

Miss A.—But the question is, what is right, morally and legally?

The law knows no mercy.

P. T.—We need not try to escape our deeds. They know now where we are.

If we cannot settle with them, the only thing is, to let them settle with us.

J. T.(rising)—Bless you, Polo; that we will, and not run or go back.

This all occurred after meeting.

Any plan to defeat the full law would have been in vain. A detective was listening to every word.

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Two officers stepped out, saying, "It is our painful duty, as much as we would wish to favor you, to announce to you that you are under arrest; and we must proceed, within an hour, by car to the other side of the city.

Hasty good-bye's, and preparations for the going.

We will not describe the trial.

It was a plain case.

They had broken store, and stolen \$49.

No defence was made. None was needed.

And a mild sentence of one year in the penitentiary was given by the court.

The following evening they were within prison walls.

Mr. Everett (to the Judge)—What about my \$50?

Judge—\$50? How are you to get money out of tramp criminals?

Mr. E.—Why, they offered to pay it.

Judge—They did! Why didn't you take it?

I supposed that would come in, in settlement.

Judge—Why, you wanted the scoundrels penned.

What more?

B. E.—Judge, you've swindled me.

Judge (smiling) — You wouldn't take the money.

Law is law. It is sure to hit somebody. I tho't you had learned that.

B. E.—Well, I hate the church. I hate Christianity. Now here, I'm beat by these scamps.

I'll write to Trello Ackerman; I heard they left money with her.

He received this reply.

Beulah Mission &c.

Mr. Benton Everett,

Your favor duly received.

In reply, will say, Those young men gave into the hand of our Treasurer, Mr. Pittenger, some money, without instructions, not taking receipt even; so that practically; and legally it is ours.

We will likely hear from them some

time; but as to what they wish done, or we will do with it, we cannot now tell.

Sincerely yours,

Trello Ackerman.

Mr. Everett showed this reply to the Judge.

Judge (reading,) — "legally it is ours." Of course, it is; Mr. Everett, you're left.

And (laughing) next time a man offers you \$50, take it.

B. E.—The tramps! the scamps!

Judge—O, somebody must maintain law and order.

Besides your expense, it cost the State \$55.

The law is good, followed lawfully; followed for spite, it generally has a trap-spring at the wrong end.

B. E.—Judge, I believe you are all scoundrels.

Judge—I don't see why; I got \$12.50. my fees; and I penned them, as you wanted.

B. E.—I see.

Next time, there'll be money in it for me.

Judge—There isn't much in law, only to the lawyers.

Best keep out.

B. E.—I spent three days too, in this drotted case. That's \$15 more.

Judge—O well, then it cost you but \$65.

How could it be helped? The boys knew the money wasn't theirs; and since you wouldn't take it, they gave it to the missionaries.

B. E.—Judge, I'm known as a discreet citizen; but I'm tempted to break your head with this mallet.

Judge—I've a revolver at my hand; don't be rash.

Law is law; the best thing to swallow one's rage.

"Fools die early", they say; but I believe they live the longest, and there are more of 'em.

Nothing was left, but to walk away.

An uneventful year was passed in prison.

Work, and work, and work, was, in

short, the year's story .

Toward the close of the year a petition was drawn, requesting their pardon.

It was generally signed, Benton Everett, however, grumbling, "I won't sign it."

As Mr. Everett was the one wronged, and instrumental in their imprisonment, his name to the petition was especially desirable .

So a committee to visit him was arranged, composed of the,

Superintendent of the Factory,

Mrs . Young, the Evangelist,

Mrs. Ladd.

Tersely, their conferring with him.

Supt.—Mr. Everett, we come, as a committee, to request your name to this petition, of which you know the contents.

The reasons are these ;

The young men are reformed ; to this the Warden bears testimony.

Their friends desire some recogni-

tion of their honorable bearing, that the odium and disgrace shall not be a bar to their proper credit and usefulness hereafter.

Particularly, the mother of Polo Tabor would be much cheered.

All wish to say by this kindness, "All hail! boys, we're glad you're trying to live better lives; and we'll sympathize with you, and help you."

And we see no object in their continued confinement.

B. E.—I can't see, Superintendent, why so much fuss about two tramp boys.

There's too much of that sort o'thing, and so vice and crime are rampant.

As to their reform, we'd better wait.

Mrs. L.—John Teal is good at heart. Like men, he and others repaired their damage, and without my asking.

B. E.—That's poor morals, smashing things, tho paying for them.

Yes; but it shows some goodness of

Heart.

B. E.—Smashing and slashing things, and keeping it up, is poor good to me.

Mrs. Y.—The boys could not have done as they have without a real change.

B. E.—“Can the leopard change his spots? or the Ethiopian his skin?”

Mrs. Y.—No; but cannot the Lord? I am sure the boys are different.

B. E.—I hate a man that can't quit drinking, that can't quit stealing, that must have the God of the whole universe to help him out of a mudhole, when he runs into it fast as he can.

It is absurd.

Supt.—I've traded, in our business, thousands and thousands of dollars at your store. Have I ever wronged you, or tried to?

B. E.—Indeed not; you have always been honorable; and there is no business favor I would not grant you; because I have found you absolutely honorable. None in our city more so.

Supt.--Would you believe me, if I would tell you, I was once as bad as these boys?

B. E.--I would not, if anybody else would, I assure you.

Supt.--In fact, Mr. Everett, I was; and worse, in purposely wrongness of heart.

B. E.--You surprise me, Superintendent. How is it so?

Supt.--Back in the old Bay State, back in a hilly place, then sparsely settled, came an itinerant minister.

He preached a plain, simple Gospel; and after the early fashion, set out a mourners' bench.

Poor downcast, outcast, that I was, I knelt.

I had a tussel of it; but a holy fire finally swept thru me.

Mr. Everett, for the first time I knew happiness.

Since that, I've been an upright man, I trust.

B. E.--I couldn't believe it from

anybody else. I'll have to believe you, Supirintendent.

Could I find more religion like this, I'd favor it.

Mrs. Y.—I've known many such cases. As for myself, I was a fashionable girl, that gave all my time to pleasure. You know my mother; she can tell you.

The past fifteen years I have given all my time to helping others.

What made the change?

B. E.—For my life, I couldn't say.

Mrs. L.—Mr. Everett, you have known me for twelve years. I've traded with you since then.

Haven't I visited the sick, and poor, and helped the orphan, in many cases?

B. E.—I must agree; no one could have done more; more than I would, or could; it seems almost more than any one ought to.

But how so?

Mrs. L.—I ascribe it all to this religion you oppose.

I was far from it in my young wo-

manhood.

B. E.—I admit you have made a good case; but how about Christian people of this town? I don't see these results.

Mrs. Y.—So much the worse for the town; but this is what religion ought to be.

B. E.—Do you think these boys have this, or the common kind?

Mrs. Y.—Do you know Trello Ackerman?

B. E.—I have heard of her; I used to know her; had some slight knowledge of her recently.

Mrs. Y.—Would you take her testimony?

B. E.—I should receive her word favorably.

Mr. Y.—Here is her estimate of them; "They repented and made a thoro reform, and had planned to make all right, and were only prevented by their trial and imprisonment.

"I believe they were converted after

the way Paul was; the scales fell from their eyes, and 'All things were made new.' "

B. E.--I'll sign it; I'll sign it.

I'd get that kind of religion, myself, if I could. Do you think it would take these crinkles out of me, Superintendent?

Supt.--It would do everything for you, Mr. Everett; the crinkles wouldn't have a standing place.

B. E.--It may be, after all, I don't hate Christians, but hypocrites.

With hearty thanks to Mr. Everett, whom they had all known favorably in business, they parted in best of feeling, and hastened to forward the petition.

So much time had passed in preparation that the Governor received the petition only a week before their time was out.

He conferred with the Warden, and found their conduct exemplary; but by this time only five days remained: so he decided it would not be advisable to issue a pardon; but he wrote in reply.--

L. of G.

"I have made diligent inquiry, and find the case eminently worthy; but owing,

"1 To great pressure for pardons,

"2 To the shortness of time remaining,

have decided not to pardon.

"But thinking I might serve you better, I send you a letter from the Warden of the prison.

"Yours sincerely."

Warden (by letter)—Good Citizens of our Metropolis,

On request of his Excellency, the Governor, I write the following;

On arrival of John Teal and Polo Tabor, I learned they had professed to have become Christians.

I naturally watched them narrowly; for a wolf in sheep's clothing, is the worst character in the world.

And even outside of the penitentiary, I have found too many professing Christians who would as well be inside of prison walls.

As I learned these men; I trusted them with various offices; such as tak-

ing relief to, or watching with, any that were sick.

I find that any distressed, receive them as gladly as they do the Chaplain, faithful minister that he is.

And whatever their past has been, to my best knowledge, they are now thoroly upright; and I commend them to confidence, that they may have the benefit of the just reputation they have earned.

Fraternally.

This was received four days before their dismissal.

The Superintendent; the Judge, under whom they were convicted; and a wealthy citizen, by name Varley Sanders, made preparation to give them a pleasant reception.

Widow Ladd had sent on new suits of clothing thruout.

The following were invited guests;
Mrs. Ladd

Rev. Mr. Blakesdale, principal Pastor in that community

Aleck Clark

Ernest Dayton

The two Ames Brothers
 Mrs. Young
 Trello Ackerman
 James Pittenger
 Minerva Watson
 Benton Everett

And other prominent citizens, making in all a party of thirty-six.

The Judge and Mr. Everett sat at the head of the table.

Trello Ackerman and Minerva Watson were at the opposite end.

John Teal and Mrs. Young sat half way along on one side, and James Pittenger and Polo Tabor just opposite.

At the close of the feast, Miss Trello Ackerman produced a purse wrought with gold and silver, intertwined into beautiful decoration, made by deft hands at the Mission; and passed it along the row of guests, with the request that it be examined by all, and passed to the Judge.

Admiration spoke out from the lips of all.

It reached the Judge, who, after expressing delight, said "What now, Miss

Ackerman? what shall I do with it?"

Miss A.—Open it, please, and read a note it contains.

Judge opens and reads, "Friends, for your kindness, accept our heartfelt thanks.

"We never shall, with Heaven's help, betray the confidence you have imposed in us.

"John Teal

"Polo Tabor"

Another purse was now presented by James Pittenger, beautifully ornamented with ribbon of blue and white and red, and passed to all for examination, ending with the Judge.

Judge—What now, Mr. Pittenger? what shall I do with this?

J. P.—Open, please, Judge.

The Judge opened, and saw this account, "Due Mr. Benton Everett \$49, with compound interest for three years and fifteen days at six, or legal per cent, all amounting to \$58.51

A draft was also found for that amount to Benton Everett, on First City

Bank.

A second note as follows; "Judge, please hand this draft to Mr. Everett, and the gold-and-silver-trimmed purse to Mrs. Ladd, a token of the esteem in which she is held, for her kindness to these and other young men.

"And the second purse is to any one the Judge may appoint."

The Judge handed Mrs. Ladd her purse.

She accepted it with these remarks;

Mrs. Ladd—I assure these and other young men, and any who have been instrumental in this present, that I could appreciate nothing more highly.

It is said, "Sow beside all waters." Give, and it shall be given to you again."

I am a thousand times happy to think that seed sown is not all lost; and I shall always keep this as a precious souvenir of a glorious fruitage of seed-sowing, tho sometimes sown in tears, producing "thirty, and some sixty, and some a hundred" fold.

Then the Judge handed Mr. Everett the check.

B. E.—Judge, I can't take that. Judge, I'm completely overcome.

I've always been an enemy to Christianity; but if it can put the spirit in men I see here to-day, I give in.

Judge, I wouldn't take that money for all the world; I couldn't.

Judge, the tears are coming. I haven't wept for years.

I say, God bless these boys, if there is a God; and God bless these missionaries.

Mr. Superintendent, I believe all you said, when your committee came, and more, Superintendent.

And besides, if bad men are made good, I'm in for it.

Judge, you help me. Here's \$100. Give this to Mrs. Young and Trello Ackerman, to assist in carrying on their work; and Judge, I declare, I feel like going to the mourners' bench, or whatever they call it, right off; Judge, how is it with you?

All were in tears.

And the Judge said, "What'll I do with the draft, Mr. Pittenger?"

J. P.—It's out of my hands, Judge; I was only authorized to deliver it to you.

Judge—Mr. Tabor and Mr. Teal, what'll I do with this money?

J. T.—It's not ours; we couldn't say.

B. E.—Judge, you're stuck once.

At which all changed countenance, and laughed heartily.

Judge—It seems I am; but the check is drawn in favor of Benton Everett; and if anybody draws it, he will have to.

B. E.—O well, I can draw it, if you'll tell me what to do with it.

Judge—I thought I was out of it; but I see I'm in as much as ever.

The best I can see, is to give it to the Mission.

All in favor, raise a hand.

No vote.

Judge—All opposed.

No one voted.

B. E.—What's the use of a Judge, if he don't decide?

Judge—How can I, without a lawyer?

B. E.—Lawyers are as scarce here as they'll be up—I won't say it—Judge, you're the only one.

Judge—Worse still: I'd let it go by default. But that would make it yet worse, leaving it in my hand.

I'll give it to Trello Ackerman, to be used any way she wishes in her Mission.

All passed it along quickly to Miss Ackerman, with an earnest exclamation from Mr. Everett of, "Good!!"

All laughed again, and the Judge said,

Judge—Still I have the ribbon-red-white-and-blue purse: what'll I do with that? Who'll I give that to?

The note says, "to any one I shall decide upon".

I'll give it to Benton Everett.

B. E.—O no! O no!!

“To any one I wish.” The law is on my side. And the Gospel says, “Give to the poor.”

B. E.—Poor in goodness? I'm that; and we're all miserably poor.

I'll take it, and keep it too, a reminder of what Christ-like piety can do for people.

I'll hang it up in a safe place, and put money in it, what I think I ought to give to Christian work; and when a worthy cause presents itself, I'll give: and if Mrs. Young, or Miss Ackerman come, I'll just say, “Go, and help yourself; and if that don't do, I'll go with you to the safe.

And I delcare, I feel so well I'm almost afraid I've got religion. I know I haven't; but I want it; and the kind John Teal and Polo Tabor have.

Supt.—Some of us must go; and I propose we unite in prayer with Rev. Mr. Blakesdale.

Dr. Blakesdale(prayer)—Lord, we acknowledge thee the righteous God, “showing mercy unto thousands of them that love thee, and keep thy commandments”, and in no wise failing to punish the haughty.

We want this new religion.

It's the old; but it is also the new, “new every morning”, fresh every evening.

Some of our religion has become old and musty; some of it has “bred worms, and stunk”

We need this reforming religion, this restoring religion, this good-works religion, this giving religion of Mr. Everett, that he wants, and has almost gotten.

Convert Mr. Everett right now. Give him all he wants; and a little more, if he needs it.

Make our Judge as earnest a Christian as he has been distinguished in law.

Bless all this company with the real fire kind of religion

Lastly, but not leastly, water my own soul.

We've about dried up at the big church on the Park.

I've preached eloquent sermons, the people say.

Lord, if you'll give me such a blessing as I need, I agree not to preach any more great sermons.

It'll be hail stones and coals of fire, or thunder and lightning along on the ground, like Egypt; or I'll whoop like an Indian, or be a "fool for Christ"; anything to get out of my stiffness and deadness, and to get this new religion.

I'm willing, having "neither scrip neither two coats, neither shoes", to go out with the Gospel to the streets of our City.

"Give us this day our daily stirring up"; give us all what we need, and not what we want.

We "ask largely", thru thy Spirit, in Jesus' name.

There war a stir in High Church for some weeks.

Then persecution arose; and honored Pastor Blakesdale went into the

streets and lanes and dives and preaching halls, with other mission workers.

But shortly he returned. Mr. Everett, who had become a member of High Church, and the Superintendent, induced the trustees to let him hold a few meetings.

My pen is powerless to describe results.

Mr. Blakesdale, naturally and by training an eloquent man, was now a veritable cyclone let loose.

His feelings long pent up, swept High Church. "Bone came to bone", "flesh came upon them", "and they lived and stood up upon their feet".

Some may say, "They were excited."

I suppose. They ought to have been.

Mr. Blakesdale (final charge on closing this effort)—Friends of High Church, there is much in religion.

Yet there is just a little bit to many.

You see what it has done for Mr. Everett.

Now he has a happy, springing tread on our streets; whereas before he was

troubled and burdened.

You see what it has done for Polo Tabor and John Teal.

They were bad; now they are good.

They were idle; now they are industrious.

They were a trouble and sorrow to their parents, and our community; now they are a comfort and help.

You see what it has done for me.

It has taken me out of an HONORABLE desert, bleak as the sands of Africa, and has put songs in me, and some lightning.

You see what it has done for hundreds. A few weeks ago we were a graveyard, except a few sunny faces like our factory Superintendent.

After a big effort, I've often gone over to his office, to see if I couldn't borrow a little of the joy that was ever fresh in his heart.

And we haven't simply joy, but the fruits of salvation.

In the last few weeks, Mr. Everett, the Superintendent, and myself have rescued from the vile places, with the aid

of our Mission workers, six girls; and they are here to-night, "clothed and in their right minds".

We have won the hearts also of eleven young men, who were far gone in drunkenness.

They are here; thanks to our Father in Heaven.

Religion will put the go! the bounce! the push! in you, if you get it.

I wouldn't have said that a while ago. It'd have been too streety, common.

I'd 'a' said, perhaps, "Be discreet, be judicious, 'as wise as serpents, as harmless as doves' "

I suppose we were about as wise as a common snake, and about as harmless as a cooing dove.

I think the devil didn't know we were here. He felt so sure of us that he didn't wake up, until I preached two or three of my hobo sermons. Then he came; O You know.

Mr Everett, Superintendent, and I went trecking then.

But I think he overshot his mark. The more we trecked the hotter it got

There is one kind of fire even the devil can't stand.

He's singed out here, I think; but he's peeking round the edges.

The devil is calling out to his fellows, no doubt, like Nero to Rome, "O that High Church had but one neck, that I might cut it off at one blow."

The devil has a hard time. Just as he thinks he has us all bottled up, and can go off on a picnic, some boy or girl gets the Spirit on them and within them, and the whole thing's topsyturvy. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

Behold "These that have turned the world up side down, are come hither also."

This is the church that had but one convert in ten years.

Thankful I am for that one, and for that colored lady that led that little one to Christ.

Ever sinse there has been an inexpressible longing in my spirit.

When Mr. Tabor and Mr. Teal came home with the real religion, and others

spoke and acted in a way heavenly, I broke down and cried like a booby.

Then I remembered, "Your sons and daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams, and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy."

And I simply said, "Work, Lord, according to thy will and might; make me a scoop-shovel or a barn-door, or anything out of me, only give me this fire religion.

Instead, he made a scoop-shovel out of Mr. Everett; and he's scooping in funds, by his own acts and example.

He made a door of the Superintendent; and he's opening and shutting the gates of industry on the line of holiness, and prayer is an exercise not unknown in the rooms of this great factory.

Curious, he made a harpoon of me; and I've speared several great fish.

I speak it humbly, I've done more good in a few weeks than before in all my ministry.

Eloquence and death, a fine organ

and a fashionable church, and the devil asleep on the roof, make a fine hotch-potch.

But I arose, to charge you to faithfulness.

It seems I cannot. The Holy Ghost teach you. "When he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth."

Advice and sympathy may help a little; but the Lord is the helper. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Now I haven't shaken hands all around for years.

I want all to come and receive Christian greeting; from the toughest bum boy who has come in to see what is the matter, to the richest dressed lady.

If this grace goes on, there won't be so much difference long; the high will come down, the low will come up, praise the Lord.

Mr. Everett(rising)—I like this "new religion"; it makes me very happy. I call it new, it's new to me.

Trustee Avery(who opposed Rev. Mr. Blakesdale)—I suppose all are look-

ing at me; and I have been as tired of High Church religion as our Pastor, or Mr Everett.

I couldn't help it, I thought.

I have some wealth; and if it'll help, I'll put in \$1,000 to supply the poor with clothing, so they can come to High Church and get some of this new religion.

Mr. Everett—On that line you'll soon be there, halleluiah!

Superintendent—I move our Pastor and Mr. Everett be a committee of two to receive and disburse this and other money to those needing it.

It carried without a second even, all voting, the bootblack on a stick of wood even rising to vote.

They forgot they had Charity boards
And Ladies' Tea Society boards,
And Trustee boards,
Finance boards,

And boards, and boards, (more organization than work), that could have received this money.

So this Flying board was instituted, and put out as the advance guard of the

benevolent part of what Benton Everett called "this new religion".

So the meeting closed.

John Teal entered into a clerkship at the great Everett Company store.

He had to begin at the bottom; for while he was reformed, time and experience were lost.

He steadily rose; and three years from this time he stood as first clerk in the firm.

The following conversation then took place.

Mr. Everett—John, what would you prefer above all others?

Mr. Everett, you have asked me a hard question.

B. E.—You need not answer, unless you can, and wish.

Time is creeping on me. I want to do what I can, while I can.

J. T.—If you had asked me three years ago, I would have said, "I should like to preach, or help the mission workers, or be their door-keeper, if need be.

They took me from the mire of the

street; and my heart was hungering to do something for the Master, and for them.

But my life has run in other channels.

I should like, pardon me, to make as much money as possible.

B. E.—That is strange, John. For three years you've not said a word about money.

What is your object?

J. T.—Do you know of Polo Tabor's work?

B. E.—I heard he was preaching. That is all.

J. T.—He is; and in that notorious district called Babble.

B. E.—I have never been over there; but I hear they "are fearfully and wickedly mixed."

J. T.—Italians, Chinese, Poles, Japanese, Negroes, and other peoples, a mass of citizenship, all speaking English, because they can communicate generally in no other way.

Yet the English is warped and twisted into shades of this or that language, as it is Slav or Celt or Teuton, or some

other Ton, that is speaking.

Polo, like myself, has crawled thru many a knot-hole; and it matters little to him what the jabber is, so it passes for English.

Here he is working.

Crowds hear him.

I want money to help him.

I can reach his meetings in a thirty minutes car ride; and I've been going lately.

He is developing a wonderful oratory, not polished surely: if it were, it would not avail there.

Fiery, pathetic, impetuous, his exhortations are tellingly effective.

He is hale and strong; and goes, goes, goes, and literally drags some "out of the fire, hating even the garment spotted by the flesh".

On the street last night, he had an audience of this mixed people of 500; and they were swayed like the wind.

One fellow, tall and burly, and black as night, cried aloud for mercy.

They have no hall, no preaching place.

I told him I had saved some money, and would give him \$500.

They can get building ground for \$1,500; and it'll take \$2,000 more to build, to supply their present needs.

B. E.—Can they not rent a hall?

J. T.—They've tried; none can be found suitable.

B. E.—Well, let's pray about it; and we will see.

John Teal went to Tabor's meeting that evening.

His text was, "Awake thou that sleepest."

I quote a few sentences from his sermon.

Polo Tabor—Are we sinners? you ask.

What are we, if we are not?

Not saints solid sure.

My Brother here (pointing to a Chinaman) had hard work to-day to pull an Italian from a Colored man.

There were scratches and blood.

See the face of Brother Ching.

You don't call this gulch Heaven, do you?

It isn't quite hell, but next door to it.

The worst is, you don't know it.

You're asleep, sound asleep; I hear

you a snoreing and a roaring.

The devil's com'n' at you with his sharp horns ; there'll be death and damnation rolling in here : it's come already.

“Who is on the Lord's side?”

Is any awake enough to come out of this? or are you all like Sodom?

The sun shone bright .

All at once blackness gathered over Sodom.

Tongues of fire leaped out.

Hail rattled .

Hell vomited her brimstone .

The City and whole Valley were in flames .

It won't do, friends, to play with a bomb-shell. The fuse may sputter, and you think it's a fizzle ; but suddenly it bursts into angry pieces.

These hell-holes all around, which pour whiskey in and kick drunkards out, are more deadly than a bomb-shell.

All this is but a beginning. They lead to a place ten times hotter .

If anybody is awake, let him jump at the chance to get out of this.

But you know ; I needn't talk.

You wouldn't listen a minute, if I wasn't telling you the truth .

Our text quoted a little further, is,
 "Awake thou that sleepest, arise from
 the dead, and Christ will give thee
 light."

The dark hearts of the surging masses may find light, relief, and comfort.

Bang! slam!! hurrah!!! goes the
 clamor in that saloon.

Men want to drown the fire in their
 bosom by pouring down more fire.

O folly that is crime!

When will those devilish doors be
 barred, or men cease to go into them!

I confess my fault, friends; the wail-
 ings of this crime-smitten place go up so
 before me I almost forget the great, rem-
 edy.

As to our personal needs, we have a
 Savior.

Some have been saved.

Here is our brother, Snor Hile-
 man.

He was converted just a week ago.

Most of this crowd knew him.

You didn't know good of him either.

He looks better, cleaner, sweeter;
 the children are not afraid of him.

A little boy saw him yesterday, and
 began to run.

Another boy called out, "O, he wouldn't hurt a bottle-fly; he's been as good as sugar, since he's been going to this bum Street Church."

All of you come without delay.

Don't do like Lot's wife, turn back and become a pile of salt.

Don't do like the prophets of Baal, until an Elijah hews you to pieces.

Don't do like Baalim, until a dumb ass will crush your foot.

Don't do like the people of Noah's time. They laughed, no doubt, at Noah; but "The flood came, and destroyed them all."

Don't do like all these, and worse; until hell-fire rolls over you, and there is none to deliver.

Glorious salvation! it will lift you above sorrow, and give you inheritance among those redeemed thru "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world".

Conversation with Mr. Everett next day.

B. E.—How was the meeting, John?

J. T.—Good, very good.

B. E.—Can Polo Tabor hold his own?

J. T.—Yes; he'll hold the devil a

match.

We talked again; and I increased my offer to \$600.

B. E.—I see why you want money; I'll do the best I can for you.

Let's see; what's your salary now?

J. T.—\$100 a month.

B. E.—I'll make it, for the present, \$125; no, \$150.

J. T.—Then, I'll give \$700.

B. E.—Put down \$700 for me; and go at once and see Superintendent. I'll take your place, while you're gone.

John Teal came back in an hour with an additional \$700 subscription.

B. E.—Good! well done!! I'm not busy, see Mr. Avery.

In an hour and a half he returned with an \$800 check.

This made now \$2,900.

B. E.—Good! we can easily raise the rest from friends of the work.

Now with a good builder, and rush orders, we'll have the hall up in a month.

After street services John Teal and Polo Tabor had a weeping meeting that evening.

P. T.—Now, John, if we just keep humble enough, the Lord can use us.

O, we ought to work like Turks, as much time as we have wasted.

J. T.—Polo, I feel like just a little bit of a fish beside you.

P. T.—John, you could swallow me, and still have room to gulp in a few thousand. You beat the Russians.

I've been distressed to death about money. I asked the Lord about it. I seemed to get peace, but no money.

J. T.—Well, go ahead, Polo. We'll do our best. It'll be all right then; the Lord will do the rest.

P. T.—One thing sure, the Lord will require our best.

J. T.—Yes; good bye.

P. T.—Good bye.

As the car rolled on home, John Teal was humbled and thrilled as never before; and he breathed this prayer, "Lord, here am I, send me."

In a month from this time he was made a partner in the Everett Company, practically without capital; but with a wealth of strength and integrity much needed on account of the waning strength

of the chief partner, Benton Everett.

John Teal now saw he could not give money promiscuously.

So he adopted these rules.

1 For the first year, and until my net income reaches \$2,000 a year, I will give 15 per cent of my income

2 If my net income reaches \$2,500 a year, I will give 25 per cent.

3 If it reaches \$3,000, 30 per cent.

4 \$4,000, 40 per cent.

5 \$5,000 or more, 50 per cent.

6 If my income be less than \$1,000, I will give 10 per cent.

The business of the Everett Company prospered no less than in the past.

John Teal was known and loved far and wide; and many a ragged urchin got his start and took inspiration from him.

The \$5,000 income was soon reached.

Polo Tabor, among the very poor, drew almost his entire support from him.

Mrs. Young and Trello Ackerman drew largely from him; and yet his benevolence abounded everywhere.

At first desiring to preach, it turned out he was called to make money.

His was a soul sanctified to Heaven-

ly money-making; and to him was a literal fulfilment of the promise, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."

Half of us, nine tenths of us, do not believe the Bible.

We falter, without the blessing.

At his last invoice John Teal was worth \$400,000 with a net income of \$33,500, and Christian benevolences amounting to \$16,750.

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth, and there is that holds on hard to poverty."

This "new religion" opens the heart.

Sow repentance, reap rejoicing.

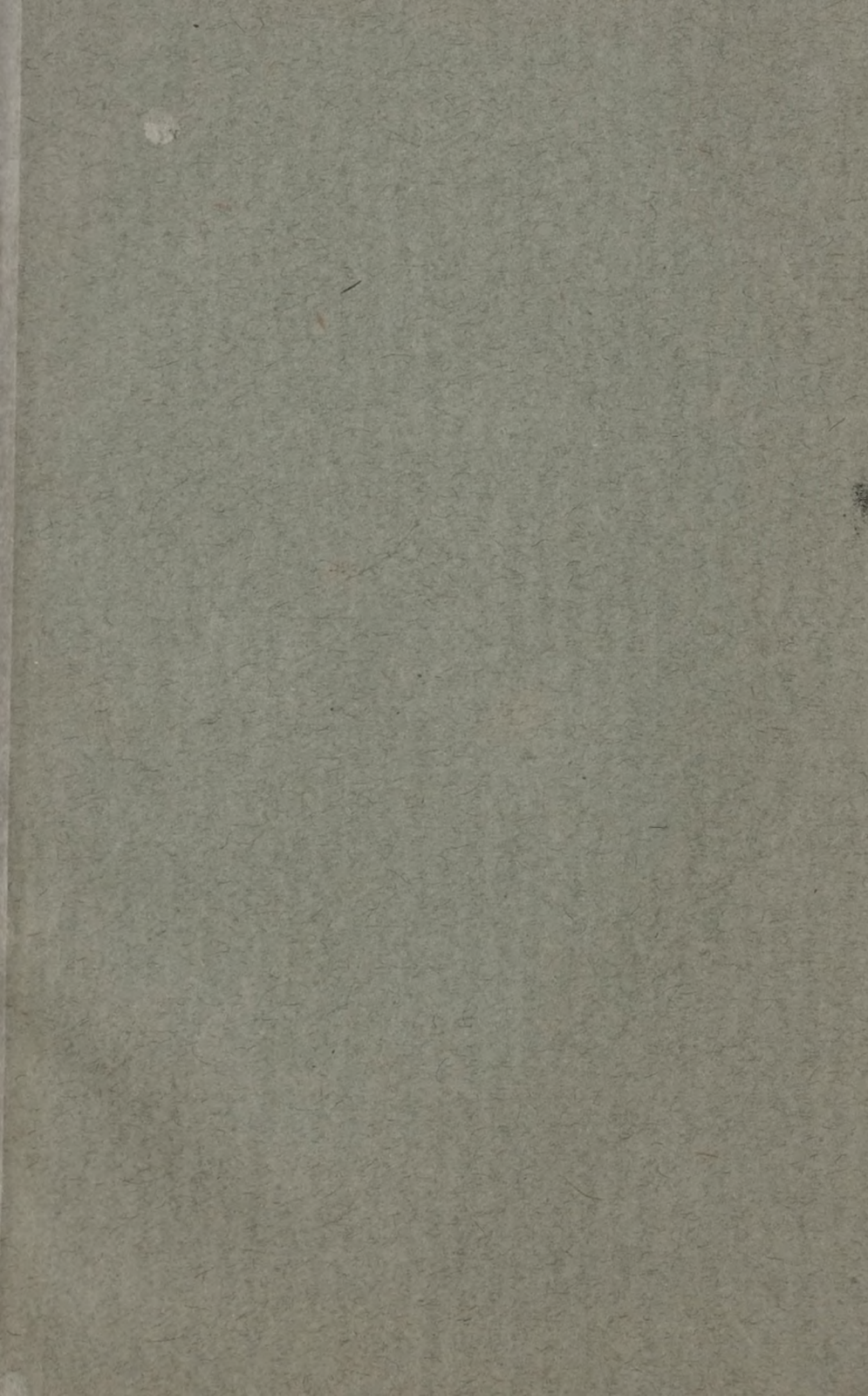
The last of our lives may be glorious.

The life of Job, of Paul, of Elijah,
was best at the last.

Elijah—Chariot and horses of fire.

John Teal—Christian honor.

All—Onward; upward.



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